Of Jet and pilot

January 9, 2015 by Theunknownjester

13:47 23, august, 1942

IT was about mid day, clear skies with a couple clouds clumped up towards the edge of the world, or at least what could be considered the end of the world at this height. Marvin was enjoying the sight, the sound of his hurricane's engine humming peacefully as he went. It was a simple patrol, nothing too serious as most of the German Luftwaffe was grounded from the heavy bombings the Americans where so fond of. However, the peace didn't last long as there was a sudden howl coming from directly behind him, twisting to see what exactly it was coming from he found that there was a plane flying right next to him.

It was an odd sight, and definitely German, the swastika on the tail made it blatantly obvious. The fighter looked like something out of the sea, almost like a shark, and with the twin rocket pods…no they weren't rocket pods, they where engines! The engines where belting out an almost hellish scream as orange flames poured from the back of each pod. Marvin was suddenly distracted from the engine as he saw what seamed to be an eye painted on the canopy, an odd place for paint, at least until the RAF pilot could have sworn he saw it move. Blinking to clear his head in the hopes it was just some trick of his mind, the eye then seamed to wink at him before the jet wiggled its wings and took off. The next thing marvin saw was a little black dot disappearing into the horizon followed by a stream of exhaust.

"what the hell was that and where can I get my hands on one…." He stammered before flipping over and hauling ass back to base to inform his CO of the new plane. It didn't matter whether that plane was for recognizance or not, the Germans where going to find some way to stick guns on it and shoot down anything in there way.

18:28 7, march, 1944

"s-sir! Your not supposed to be here! I-I will have to ask you to leave, now!" the MP said as he and another attempted to hold marvin back with little success. Ignoring the two MP's he forged forwards down the hall and finding a pair of double doors leading to a conference room.

"SIR!! Your not allowed here, they are in a meeting right now you need to wait in the lobby, in fact you need to evacuate the facility immediately! This is a restricted area!" the second MP said moving infront of the pilot and planting his hands firmly agasint the intruders chest to stop him from moving farther down the hall. Which resulted in the man being tossed agasint a wall and the double doors practically being kicked off its hinges.

"...the most recent..." the CO trailed off seeing marvin standing in the door, grim determination painted on his face as the pilot stormed his way to the general, slammed his fist on his desk and glared right into his eyes.

"you put me in that jet you have out side right fucking now or so help me I will take it my self." Steam was almost pouring out of the pilots ears as the engineers murmured to each other quietly. The MP's came in shortly after that and attempted to remove marvin from the room, until the CO waved a hand towards them.

"Your looking at the biggest court martial I think I will have ever given in the history of my career. Do you understand this?" he responded as marvin didn't move and kept his steel gaze on the generals eyes.

"I like your determination, whats your name soldier?" the CO asked as Marvin didn't even flinch.

"sergeant Marvin Struthers." He replied as the general smiled slightly.

"Williams, when is the next test flight."

"i-I, tomorrow at 17:00 hours." The engineer said as the CO nodded slowly and looked back at the sergeant.

"looks like you got a date with 6 ton experimental fighter, you crash it and you will regret it until the day your rotting corps is finally put 6 feet under ground. that is, if we aren't washing you off the runway." Giving a quick salute marvin thanked the general before turning around and practically sprinting out the building and only slowing down when he was standing out side the hanger holding the experimental plane...

Annabelle was resting in her hanger, some of the technicians where running post flight checks, refueling her and running the data they had received from that days test flight. She didn't like having a pilot, they where heavy, and none of the ones who had taken her out into the sky had any idea how to fly her at all. The last three pilots had panic attacks when they attempted to do something out of there comfort zone. One of them even blacked out, the other two got a dose of chloroform vapors and dragged off sight, much to her delight. She soon started to doze a little dreaming of the sky as she flew through the clouds in sweeping motions, rolling lazily through the bright blue sky.

She was suddenly snapped back to reality as a door was slammed abruptly. The technicians moved towards the hanger doors as she quickly re-hid her eyes and mouth as the commotion near the door grew closer. Confused by the chaos she kept an eye on the group as a single man broke from the group and she sighed seeing his flight suit.

'another pilot, great...' she mulled to her self as she rolled her eyes behind the see through panels that covered them. Until she saw the look in his eyes. They where a blaze with determination, the chocolate brown pupils burning a hole right through her as she shivered. Her entire being felt hot as a part of her which she had suppressed ever sense she became conscious was tingling in the back of her mind, her landing gear almost gave out on her as she struggle to stay up on all three wheels. A small little nook on her under side, about half way between her tail and wings, started to drip a silvery liquid that looked akin to mercury.

The Gloster Meteor was sitting in the center of the hanger in all its glorious silver color, the lack of paint accenting the appearance of the jet. The light coming from the lamps over head caused the smooth metal to shimmer like the surface of the ocean. her twin engines glistening in sharp contrast with the black holes of her intakes. Both of the De Havilland engines where built into the wings looking as if they had been skewered on each side rather then part of the actual wing. Moving closer to the metallic beast the sergeant placed a hand on the craft, just beneath the canopy on her left side. Oddly enough the metallic side felt warm, and as if it was almost alive and moving beneath his touch. All the while Annabelle was having trouble containing herself, the fell of his hand on her left cheek was sending spasms through her tail.

Sliding the canopy back marvin climbed up to position him self in the pilots seat. The cockpit looked semi familiar, a little alien, and all of it sending shivers down his spin, eager to start learning the new configuration, he climbed straight in. taking his seat and placing a hand on the flight stick. the technicians where attempting to talk the pilot out of the aircraft, until one of the MP's arrived and informed them of the new pilot, currently sitting in the cockpit learning what every button and switch did. It was going to be one hell of a crash course, but being able to fly the beautiful jet was more then enough reason for marvin to learn every little thing he could about its controls.

Annabelle was surprised at the feverish state the pilot was in when he sat down in her cockpit and eagerly poured his attention into each of the switches and buttons. She was worried, confused, aroused and part of her loved it regardless. His attention to her every switch was turning her on, his hands sailing across her controls with skill and precision of a skilled pilot. Part of her wanted to leave the hanger and fly, throw him into the deep end and see if he could swim. She resisted that urge and let him work her controls over, the sensation causing her landing gear to shake as her entrance dripped with her growing arousal. Though her fantasy was short lived as the mechanics descended on the pilot in an attempt to remove him from the cockpit, finally over coming the shock of the sudden intrusion of there work. she wanted to complain but if the pilot found out about her before he flew her, he wouldn't even get a chance to prove himself.

Putting up a strong resistance to the mechanics, actually breaking two of there noses before the MP's arrived and informed the technicians of situation as they backed off partially. Though they kept trying to tell marvin what each of the controls did regardless of his arguments against there help. Soon he was forced to retire to a bunk for the night, though he stayed there shortly before dressing and returning to the

hanger. Once again climbing into the cockpit and going over the controls again and again to make sure he had them burned into his memory before falling asleep in the pilots seat. Annabelle was against the prospect of the pilot sleeping inside her, but there was no way to extract him with out him waking as each time she had tired to pull him from the seat he would stir. When morning rolled around Marvin and Annabelle both woke eagerly, the prospect of the test flight exiting the two, in more then one way.

“Aright Struthers your up, and try not to break it, your flying a bloody expensive plane.” One of the lead mechanics said as the hanger doors opened and Annabelle engine spooled up in excitement. It wasn’t just the cost of the plane that concerned the engineers who worked on the plane, it was the fact that they had discovered she was alive, and could feel pain.

“bah, no need to worry, I know my way around a fighter.” Marvin replied as the Gloster meteor chuckled to her self slightly, her engines whining a little louder as he gave it more fuel. “aright sweet heart, lets see what you can do.” He muttered closing the canopy as the fighter rolled onto the runway, engines scream starting to drown out everything else.

“I want a nice easy run, take her up, do a couple of maneuvers and then land, you got that Struthers?” the general said over the mic as the pilot gave the thumbs up and gunned the throttle catching the meteor off guard as she was suddenly thrown down the run way much faster then any of the other pilots. Marvin loved the feeling of how fast the jet could go as he was slammed into the seat and pinned against it while he pulled back on the stick lifting the experimental fighter into the air and towards the clouds. There was a couple curses and annoyed yells in his ear from the general and the others who where watching, but the pilot didn’t care, he was sitting a jet climbing towards 2 thousand meters faster then any prop plane could take him. Marvin ran through a couple maneuvers, but did them a little more aggressively trying to push the plane to its limits.

“so, how fast have the others managed to get this plane to go?” the pilot asked leveling off and eying the speed dial. He was at about 280 miles an hour at the moment when one of the technicians chimed in over the radio.

“so far no one has gotten over 320 before we tell them to come back and land as there nervs get in the way, BUT! I highly suggest you avoid going over that being as we haven’t tested the airframe past that speed.” The man responded as marvin nodded slightly.

“aright I solemnly promise I wont go over 320, you have my word.” The pilot answered giving a sly smile as Annabelle shivered, she knew what he was going to do and she loved it. His hand resting on the throttle, gripping it tightly in anticipation before pushing it open fully, the twin engines roaring in response as the speed dial continue to climb faster and faster. In a matter of seconds the two where rocketing through the air at 400+ miles an hour, both screaming there heads off in joy. Marvin was experiencing the biggest hard on he had ever had in this life, Annabelle on the other hand felt like she would reach her peak and loose control at any moment. She was forced to slow down to avoid loosing control, at this speed 2 kilometers wasn’t much, and she would rather avoid the risk of being a chard corps.

The pilot was starting to grown on her though, and she knew what she wanted, and she was going to try and get it when they got back to the airfield. Her flaps and rudder twitching in excitement before a transmission sent specifically to her knocked her down a notch or two.

“aright Annabelle, gas him and bring him back, I think that’s enough for today.” She heard the general say over a closed radio channel which the pilot wouldn’t be able to hear. So far the only time they have said that, the pilot failed there little tests and was probably going to be dropped off at some base and told a BS story so they don’t ask any questions. Agreeing in a disgruntled tone, her joy having been shot down for the time being as she was starting to get a little low on fuel. Opening valve to the cockpit she released a gaseous form of chloroform which quickly took its toll on the pilot as he slumped over in his seat.

The meteor flipped over and flew back to the airfield to be refueled and maintained, the fate of the pilot on the other hand bugged her greatly as she was reluctant to let the one person who managed to make her feel so good disappear. during the flight back to the airbase she came to a conclusion and smiled mischievously as she landed. Her manipulator arms wrapped tightly around the unconscious pilot as she touched down and slowly made her way to her hanger, both engines winding down slowly.

“aright Annabelle, if you can pop the canopy we will take care of Struthers here and run you through your usual maintenance.” The head technician said as he approached the jet her engines spooling down to an almost inaudible hum.

“nope.” She replied shaking the front of her fuselage and tightened her grip on the pilot, ‘accidentally’ feeling the bulge at his crotch. she had plans for the pilot and the lab coats weren’t going to get to him before she did.

“what do you mean nope? This isn’t like you at all, normally your shoving them out of the pilots seat as soon as you touch down on the runway.” He said as the others arrived, a few of them in lab coats to collect the unconscious pilot for testing and then most likely dropping him off some where.

“this ones different, so bugger off, your not getting your hands on him until I say you can.” She answered in a slightly annoyed tone, eager to clear the hanger and be alone with Struthers, to not only reveal her self to him, but to ‘reveal’ her self to him.

“if you would please hand over mister Struthers we can perform our tests and be finished.” One of the lab coats said looking at her clipboard

which most likely had a list of things they wanted to poke the pilot with.

“shes being stubborn for what ever reason at the moment.” The technician said as the lab coat looked up at the living plane and frowned.

“is she now?” the lab coat asked as Annabelle gently tightened her grip on the unconscious pilot, some of the people in the hanger attempting to open her canopy and remove the pilot.

“Yes, hes mine and you cant have him, this testing was to find a pilot who could push me to the limits and find out just what I can endure. He is more then capable of doing that.” She replied swatting away one of the men who where attempting to pull her canopy back.

“That’s true Annabelle…but I would rather not risk loosing you in the process, we have put considerable amounts of time and money into your creation, the Germans are years ahead of us with there jet technology and we cant afford to take two steps back for every step forward we make.” The general said in his booming voice as every one in the hanger backed away from him and the jet at the same time.

“If that happens then so be it, BUT, this pilot stays with me, no exceptions period. All the other pilots so far have been to afraid to see what my full potential is, this one seams addicted to pushing me to my limits and trying to break them.” She replied as the general paused, looking between Annabelle’s eyes and the unconscious pilot in the cockpit. Thinking over the issue at hand the general paced in the entrance of the hanger, every ones eyes following him curious to know what he would say. coming to a stop he sighed and looked at Annabelle.

“Very well then, I want every one out of the hanger as soon as possible, finish what your doing and get out.” Walking towards the meteor who was now smiling a little he stopped and gave her a stern look. “you reveal you’re a live to him and see what happens, if he panics, hes out and your getting a new pilot before tomorrows finished. Am I under stood?” he finished as Annabelle quickly nodded understanding what the general was expecting of her.

“yes sir!” she replied giving a quick nod as he turned on a heel and made his way out of the hanger, followed by most of the others. The few who lingered in the hanger quickly refueled her before they soon followed the others and closed the hanger doors behind them. Now it was just up to the pilots reaction when he woke up, pulling the man from the pilots seat she placed him on a bench and waited calmly Struthers to wake. She didn’t have anything special planned, she was going to unveil herself and hope his reaction didn’t involve a new pair of undergarments being needed. Eventually Marvin stirred as he sat up on the bench shaking his head in an attempt to clear it from the fog that still lingered. Sitting up he was met by a feminine voice greeting him.

“Hello, I am Annabelle.” The voice said as Marvin paused scanning the hanger to find the source of the voice, his eyes soon finding the meteor smiling cheerfully as her eyes scanned him up and down quickly.

“oh…hey… I am Marvin Struthers, nice to meet you Annabelle.” He replied blinking once again and focusing on the plane once more scrunching his face in confusion. “when did you get eyes and a mouth?” he asked rather abruptly causing the Gloster meteor to laugh relieved and a little happy with his reaction.

“I have always had them, I just kept them hidden up until now, being as you weren’t supposed to know about me. at least not for a while.” She answered as Marvin frowned and stood up, calmly walking towards the plane he stopped and examined her a little more closely.

“and what do you mean by that?” he asked walking around the aircraft slowly until she coughed at him.

“I would prefer you stay, in front of me if at all possible, and the reason is because of how…rare my species is.” She said as marvin walked towards the nose of the plane once more. “which is why most who find out about us, living machines tend to panic. And that is why I am extremely confused about why you haven’t done the same as them.” She finished as he paused and smiled a little.

“well, you wouldn’t be the first of your kind I have met.” He answered taking a seat once more.

“oh? And who might this other living machine be that you have meet before then?” Annabelle asked keeping her eyes on him and wondering if she might have to compete with another machine over the pilot.

“no idea. But it was over northern France, standard patrol when suddenly Me-262 shows up out of no where, gives me a wink and wiggles his/her wings before screeching off towards Germany.” He finished as she arched an eyebrow at her.

“and that was it?” she asked a little confused as Marvin nodded slowly.

“yep, that was it, the only thing that happened with living machines and now its kind of nice to meet one in person, and the fact I have had an obsession with jets pretty much ever sense that point.

?” Annabelle asked in a rather teasing voice, the sound of her interest growing slowly with her lust.

“mhmm, pretty much the reason why I am sitting here in front of you right now, hell I was looking at one hell of a court marshal just to be here and fly you.” He finished smiling at her.

“is that correct?” she asked in a slightly growling tone, her manipulator arms twisting in an attempt to stay her desires.

“oh yea, I was practically wanting to fuck a jet at that point after I first saw it.” Marvin said truthfully and not quite realizing the impact of his words as he was suddenly knocked off balance and found him self much closer to the jets fuselage.

“well, you have the chance now, so why not take it?” she panted pulling him a little closer to her mouth, her engines spooling up slowly with her excitement.

“I don’t…what the fuck why the hell not, I will probably get to do everything else with a jet and my luck with women is shit.” He replied feeling one of her hands making its way into his flight suit.

“that was quick, now lets get you out of this.” She hissed eagerly tearing at his clothing which quickly disappeared, before Marvin could protest Annabelle was silencing him with her mouth. any other questions he would have had disappeared quickly as the taste of her silvery saliva consumed his mind to a point, electing a different question which quickly disappeared in the interest of enjoying the moment.

“Fuck that was a good kiss…” marvin said as they parted a little shorter for breath, his heart beating away in his chest as her engines screamed a little louder.

“and there’s more to come.” She teased one of her hands eagerly stroking his member.

“well fuck me.” he muttered interested to see what would be happening next.

“that’s the plan.” Annabelle replied before gently kissing his chest before positioning him in such a way that his member was easier for her to get at.

“I walked right into that one…” marvin said as the Gloster meteor had basically lost interest in what he was saying and was now focusing more on the rock hard shaft inches away from her mouth. finally taking note of the situation at hand marvin paused as he turned a bright red. “w-what the hell are you doing??” he asked quickly eyeing her as his member got closer to her parted lips.

“having a taste of the main course.” She answered as her tongue coiled around his hard cock sending a shiver through the pilot at the sudden sensation of her tongue.

“f-fuck!” he stammered placing his hands on her nose cone to try and steady himself even though her arms where doing a much better job at that. Moving her tongue slowly at first she soon pulled the pilot into her mouth and tightened her grip around his member. Letting it sit in her mouth for a short while, the feeling pouring through her airframe and causing her engines to scream a little louder in excitement. Marvin was about to speak until Annabelle started to move him, slowly at first but gradually building up speed. ‘g-god damn this is amazing!’ the pilot thought to himself as the pleasure continued to grow in his groin. Each thrust causing a little moan to escape as he was used as a sex toy for the time being.

“i-I ca….ca…” he tried to warn as Annabel changed her focus from his shaft to his face her engines kicking up dirt and scorching the ground as his expression caused her lust to skyrocket. Curious to hear what he had to say she slowed and sensually pulled his shaft from her mouth, just in time to have a thick rope of his seed soon followed by a few more, land on her fuselage.

“oooh!” she cried in excitement before lapping at the creamy fluid on her face.

“h-holy fuck….” Marvin gasped trying to catch his breath as he was let down to the cold grown to rest, the meteor a little to focused on the new substance.

“mmm, delicious.” She cooed collecting the rest of his seed and eagerly cleaned off his deflating shaft not wanting to waste a drop.

“bloody hell…just…give me…a couple minutes…” he muttered thinking that she was tying to get it back up again.

“why?” she teased cleaning off the last little bit of his seed before picking him up once more in her arms. “I have a little plan for you, if you don’t mind returning the favor.” She teased slowly pulling him beneath her airframe, a little curious, he eyed her underbelly as she drew him closer to her tail. Soon a small opening in her underside came into view, a silver liquid was flowing from the slit as she brought him closer to the opening.

“w-wait, is that..?” he started as Annabelle giggled pushed his head towards her nether.

“mmmm, now give it a taste and see how you like it.” She replied lowering her self down towards his face, her engine pods soon resting on the

ground. cautiously he extended his tongue towards the four inch long line that dripped the hot liquid onto his face. swallowing dryly he pulled himself closer and gently licked the smooth and soft flesh, it was hot and nearly burned his tongue but in the same instance he tasted her fluids. The flavor caused Marvin to tingle as the warm liquid flowed through his body quickly followed by a wave of heat that kicked his reasoning out the window. Before he knew what was happening Marvin found him self feasting on the living machines slit eagerly drinking down the silver liquid as it poured from her depths.

“aaaaaaaaaah! Yes just like that! Don’t stop!” Annabelle hissed arching her back and pushing his face into her nethers a little harder as his tongue slipped into her folds and teased a much louder moan from the horny plane. The more he teased her the more fluid seeped from the living machine which only drove him deeper inside of her folds, his tongue dancing across the soft warm flesh. Making sure he had a firm grasp on her airframe he moved his tongue faster, lapping and licking at the hot liquid that was proving to be the beginning of an addiction. ‘She made me cum, its only fair I do the same to her.’ he growled to himself as Annabelle’s moans and cries of pleasure only caused the pilot to lust after the jet even more.

The twin de Havilland engines roaring with her excitement, the temperature, and the size of the scorch marks on the ground growing with each little lick and kiss that Marvin made. It wasn’t long before his merciless assault overwhelmed the meteor, her engines flaming out as she cried out in pleasure nearly drowning the pilot in her fluids. Taking her juices by the mouth full marvin tried to gulp down the flood of liquid silver before moving away coughing and sputtering. Laying beneath the jet fighter marvin inhaled deeply and caught his breath enjoying the tingly feeling that was flowing through is body at the moment.

“ah….oh! i-I am…so …sorry.” Annabelle panted, her engines starting up again and staying at a low hum. Marvin coughed again and chuckled patting her underbelly slightly.

“its… perfectly alright, I shouldn’t have been so greedy.” He answered kissing her underbelly and spinning himself around, Annabelle’s fluids having revitalized him to a point. “now then…” he paused smiling at the jet who had moved just enough to see him. “…shall we go on?” The tip of his shaft gently prodding at her underside exciting her once more as her engines continued to spool up once more. she wiggled in excitement as his prodding member rubbed against her warm belly electing an excited cry from the lusting plane.

“OH YES! Yes yes yes!!! COME ON MARVIN! TAKE ME!” she growled one of her hands firmly grasping his member and pressing the tip agasint her moist nethers. The pilot inhaled sharply as his cock started to pierce her folds gently spreading her wet lips, the head disappearing completely inside of her.

“h-HOly FUcK!!” Marvin hissed as her cave wrapped his shaft in a tight and warm grip. Annabelle moaned in pleasure as she held her pilot tightly in her arms, her hands sliding into his.

“That’s it my love…” she whispered slowly lowering her self onto his cock which eagerly twitched as he pushed farther up into her and hten slowly pulling out. “Nice and slow.” Marvin grit his teeth as the pressure around his shaft started to swell, her folds clamping down on his shaft as he made shallow thrusts into her, though gradually building speed and depth with each one.

“Oh Y-YES! Fuck me harder!” she growled starting to slam her tail into his pelvis ridding her pilot eagerly as her engines roared louder with each thrust.

“YE-YES MA’AM!!!” he replied gripping onto her hull tightly before slamming into her hilting his cannon into her folds as she ‘hopped’ on her landing gear in surprise.

“OH YES!!!” came her reply as she slammed her self down onto him once more as she held him tightly against her under side. Marvin pulled out as she pulled up and his shaft popped free for but a moment before she had pulled it deep inside her once more and continued to force her self down on his shaft as they vigorously drove closer and closer towards the edge of climax. Their combined movements bringing Marvin closer to finishing as he realized Annabelle wasn’t nearly as close as he was to the edge of finishing. Sliding a hand along her belly he reached towards where they where connected to find a bump at the top of her entrance, smiling to him self between moans he gently pressed his fingers against the button. Annabelle gasped above him as her engines screamed with her skyrocketing pleasure, it wasn’t long before he made a final thrust which she allowed to go much deeper then any others before it. A little shocked at the sudden chance in texture marvin lost it as he held on to her tightly his cream pouring into her depths as she clamped down around him screaming in pleasure.

“YES!!! FILL ME WITH YOUR CUM!” she screamed as the flood of seed into her depths, her engines flaming out as her walls pulsed along his length milking him of everything he had to give. Gritting his teeth as he was rocked by the strongest orgasm he had ever had, the shear pleasure causing him to go numb as the only thing which held him up where her arms. Her juices soaked marvins waist as she managed to hold in the cream she was so interested in keeping. It sent a thrilling sensation through her body, not being sure if his seed was potent enough to take with in her womb or if it was a futile attempt, in the end she didn’t care both her and her lover where satisfied.

When they both regained there senses from the overwhelming bliss they shared she gently caressed her lover holding him tight to her belly. [illegible]in wriggled slightly still lodged firmly in her depths, realization struck him, his brain piecing together the potential severity of what just happened.

“f-fuck! I am so sorry!” he said quickly as Annabelle looked in his direction quizicaly, her hands still playing with his hair gently.

“whats the matter?”

“i-I fucked up, I am so sorry I didn’t mean to…” he stammered trailing off slightly.

“finish inside? Its perfectly fine, I don’t know if its even possible for you to impregnate me…” she paused shortly giving him a few reassuring stokes her airframe humming slightly in joy. “And If you do, well, I would be more then happy to raise a child with you.” She finished holding him tightly agasint her underbelly.

“if you say so…” he answered kissing her underside, the warmth, gentle vibrations and her loving caresses easing his panicked mind. “I guess that leaves nothing to do but play the waiting game.”

“And do tests, the least interesting thing I want to do, But I think getting to ride my test pilot makes up for that.” She teased as Marvin chuckled and patted her belly.

“I think that sounds like something I can live with.” Came his response as they wished each other a good night and drifted into the waiting arms of exhaustion. They embraced lovingly as they dreamed about the days to come and what they might hold in store for them.

Well that was fun!

I enjoyed writing this and i hope you all enjoy reading it! feed back is much appreciated, Thank you for reading and i should have the three way story finished relatively soon -hopefully- not to mention the four+ other stories i have rolling around in my head at the moment.

Stories, Theunknownjester
A6M5 mod. 52 Ayaka Zero
Boatface redux

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8 COMMENTS

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

Author

Danke, and the meteor is a sexy beast, if my computer could actually handle flying planes in warthunder -i can play the ground forces on any graphics settings with no issue, but planes cause it to crash ;-; – i would probably have a couple of them

Reply

StreakTheValkyrie 9 years ago

Member

Such a very good story. I enjoyed it very much. I personally love the Meteor. such a lovely WWII era jet.

Reply

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

Author

dom, sub, either way i dont mind to be honest. i might throw something in here or there in an upcoming story to spice things up, but yea, i still need to improve my diversity when it comes to writing sex scenes. Though the machine women being dom seems a little logical in my mind because you know, 6-70 ton behemoth of a machine that could kill you with -so far in my writing though i am trying to think of other regions to place the genitalia- there plumbing down under kinda ends up with the guy on bottom and the woman on top. As gingy said, i would much rather she have an unforgettable night then i get to have every thing on the “this is what guys want in

sex" check list marked off.
ANY WAY, i will keep that all in mind and see if i cant switch things up a bit, maybe have some human dom dire machine sub....if i can figure out how to do it with out it being rape-y because as above stated, more so into the pleasure the woman rather then getting pleasured.

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Fresh... New machine anatomy may work... As for me being dominated? Ehh... when I look back at what I'd do its 50-50. I'll do whatever she wants but I'll throw in some of my own desires. I wouldn't need to be asked twice to go down on her, I'd fucking eat the shit out of her in a heartbeat but getting myself sucked off? I'm not too much into that for some reason, merely looking to make her night unforgettable because being with her would make my night unforgettable. Probably sounds desperate but I can't remember ever soley being turned on by a person not talking about some machine, ever, without my desire to have it happen, I feel damned in love other than this so yeah I'm pretty fucking desperate if this is what is the only thing I've noticed makes me happy then I'll take what I can get. Beggars can't be choosers. I hope yall aren't as screwed as I am.

Reply

Admin

Ratbat 9 years ago

Reply to Gingyflame

TBH, I think I may be pretty screwed as you are.. someone tried to come onto me recently and I was completely disconnected.

Reply

Admin

Ratbat 9 years ago

I'm not qualified to comment on grammar really, I am fairly dislexic. With that in mind I am reminded of a role play I did with an FA guy who was a sub. I played a Domy Dire machine woman, named "Meteo" who was in fact a Gloster Meteor. We haven't RPed in a while but these planes were fairly esoteric knowledge untill I started fraternizing with military vehicle enthusiasts. I have to wonder weather you or Gingy are the kind of people who wanna be dominated by large strong women as it seems to be with Delta and cerebral to a certain degree. In each of these stories there is a pattern in the way the machines are portrayed and you rarely deviate. For me I'm extreamly submissive , and even like stories were machines "top from the bottom" .

Im trying to come up with my own ideas to "keep things fresh" and it's not easy, even without grammar in artwork. My only suggestion moveing forward is to try an explore themes so that the sex stories in all your chapters don't start bleeding toghether. otherwise? Can't wait for the next one 🙄

Reply

Author

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

hehe yea i really should have dug through it a little more, but i natural have issues with grammar and such and writing with a hard on doesn't help with that much, not to mention a couple complications at the time but its up and that's that. I am also pretty sure the first flight of the 262 with jet engines was 42(?) though i could be wrong and yep, meteor getting a nice pounding! thanks for the feed back and i will have to work on my grammar more.

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Nice story Jester, it kinda seems rushed to me, what with the grammar errors progressively increasing towards the end but without those in account this shits da bumb! Very hot and lusting, I don't think 262s were around till 43-44 however but fuck history there's a meteor getting drilled for fuck's sakes!

Reply

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